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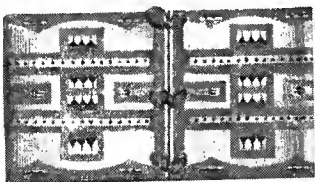
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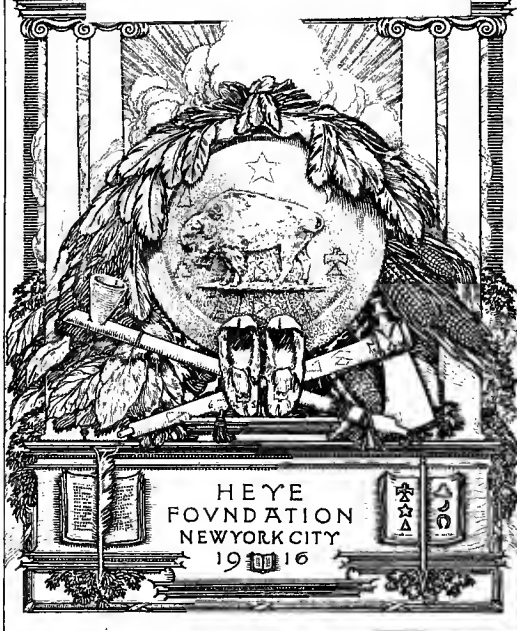
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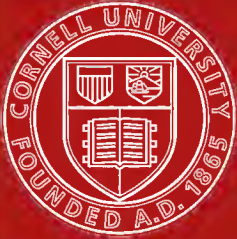
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A Comparative Study of Two Indian and
Eskimo Legends.

BY SIGNE RINK.

A Comparative Study of Two Indian and Eskimo Legends.

BY

SIGNE RINK.

Led by the same motive as mentioned in my expressed hope of exhibiting, at the earliest possible date, to famous *Americanistes*, the pictorial work of native Greenlanders, I venture to forward some (I am sorry to confess, too hurriedly written) treatises on a subject alike interesting to students of Indian, as of Eskimo, folk-lore, the subject being a comparison between a couple of well-known Eskimo traditions and a couple of no less popular Indian tales.

The similarity between the tales of the Greenlanders and those of the American Indians are more than extraordinary.

Such common elements of tradition as are known in all corners of the world and stated by way of explanation, as being founded on the fact that the human mind is capable of conceiving alike ideas anywhere in the world, must lead us, naturally, to assume their existence among the gifted Greenland Eskimo, too. Such is indeed the case. Still it is not those accumulations of common ideas, however eloquent in themselves, but a unification of the same that enables us to decide clearly whether a certain tale should be considered as having originated in Greenland itself or as having been conveyed by the ancient forefathers of the Greenlanders, from far off countries, be it America, Polynesia or Asia. Time has taught me that a great many of the Greenland tales—and, especially so, the most important and popular ones, have been derived from those in the above-named parts; and, when sprung from Indian sources, have only been gradually adopted and framed into their subsequent Eskimo form. This discovery will, when once sufficiently studied, serve as a useful guide in our efforts to trace the order in which the migrations of the Eskimo took place.

But we are in sad want of the legends from the east coast of Asia, and this tends to hamper greatly our efforts to discover the entire facts relative to the interesting tribes of the Eskimo. As far as my investigations reach, I can not find more than what I venture to call *one and a half* tradition from East or North Siberia; yet, even from this or these trifling bits of tradition we may draw important conclusions regarding the migration of the Eskimo, and the population of Greenland, *i. e.*, with regard to the way in which Greenland has been populated. The traditional tale of North Siberia I am alluding to is the one of *Krachai*,¹ well known to all ethnologists. It is briefly as follows:

The man-killing hero *Krachai* was a great chief of the *Ohkilon* (Ankilun, I suppose, a tribe similar to the Eskimo). Pursued hard by the *Tchukchee*, on account of his murder of a chief's son, *Krachai* was obliged to fly across the icefields of the Polar seas, accompanied by the whole of his tribe. Tradition places his new home in Wrangelland of the present day, its older description being the "land of the *Krachaia*ns," *i. e.*, the land of the subjects of *Krachai*. From this great island, north of Siberia, his descendants may have, in the course of centuries, subsequently conveyed the famous name of their ancient Asiatic leader into Greenland (via Baffin Land, Smith Sound and Cape York), for I strongly believe in the existence of the name "*Krachai*" in Greenland, now corrupted into "*Kagssuk*," or "*Kragssuk*," as the same authors would probably have spelled it who put down originally "*Krachai*" instead of "*Kachai*," in order to emphasize, it may be, the so-called "guttural" sound of the "*K*" by adding an "*r*" (the common way followed by Europeans, who are unacquainted with the signs invented for distinguishing this letter from the *hard k*).

From the fact of the northern Eskimo—both of Siberia and Greenland—having so faithfully preserved both the name and the few, but imposing, events and facts attached to it, I see a confirmation of my idea that the Asiatic *Krachai*, the great manslayer, was much more than a chief of the common order, and much more than an ordinary migration-leader. I presume that he has been, indeed, an extraordinary leader of migration, a leader of different races of North Siberian peoples, that he has

¹ About *Krachai* see Wrangel, and Sir Clemens Markham: "Arctic Papers,"

been the first and, it may be, the only one of the leaders who ever advanced directly beyond the borders of the Northeast Siberia, northward into the arctic regions without treading first on American soil, or, in other words, without having crossed Behring Strait.

The tale of Kagssuk is as popular all over Greenland as appears the one of Krachai to be on the coasts of North Asia, and as it would probably be found to be in Kamtchatka, too, if we only had the means of finding it out. As the original, *viz.*, the Siberian version, will be more fully referred to in another of my notes, I need not comment on it at present. I will here simply emphasize that, although the most marked influence upon Greenlandic tales and traditions seems to be American, and partly Polynesian, we must not reject the suggestion of our being eventually, able to retrace a number of them back to Asia, if only the way were open to us. Further, I want to point out that "Kagssuk," the Greenland form of the Siberian name Krachai, *i. e.*, according to myself only, is not to be confounded with that of an equally popular Greenlandic hero, *viz.*, Kagssagssuk, whose history is not of Asiatic but decidedly of American origin, as we shall see soon—this tale, as it happens, being the latter of the two Greenlandic legends which I am now going to compare and identify with what I believe to be their original sources, *viz.*, a couple of Indian tales from the coasts of the Pacific precincts of British Columbia and the quarters of the Haida Indians.

In both cases the originals, or the Indian tales, are quoted from the *Journal of the American Folk-lore*, and the Greenlandic versions from "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo," by H. Rink.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE JĒLCH-LEGEND.¹

Einst, so hörten wir, lebte ein mächtiger Häuptling, der eine junge Frau hatte, auf welche er sehr eifersüchtig war. Er hatte aber auch eine Schwester² deren zehn Söhne er, einen nach dem anderen, tötete, damit sie nicht einst nach dem Brauch der Tlinkit, seine Frau als Erbe erhielten. Aus Gram über den Tod ihrer Söhne ging die Schwester in den Wald, um sich selbst zu töten. Hier begegnete ihr ein alter Mann, welcher sie nach der Ursache ihres Kummers fragte und ihr, nachdem er dieselbe erfahren hatte, folgenden Rat gab: Gehe zu Ebbezeit an den Meeresstrand, such einen runden Kieselstein, mache ein grosses

¹ Aurel Krause. Die Tlinkit Indianer, pp. 254, et seq.

² von Weniaminow *kitchu-ginsi*, d. h. "Tochter eines Yeertieres."

Feuer und erhitzte ihn darin; dann nimm ihn heraus und verschlucke ihn ohne Furcht; er wird dir keinen Schaden thun.¹

Die Frau that alles nach dem Rathe des Alten, und da sie schwanger wurde, baute sie sich an demselben Orte eine Hütte, in der sie einen Sohn gebar, welcher zu einem schönen Knaben heranwuchs. Dieser war aber jëlch. Einen Stein, den sie von dem Greise erhalten hatte, legte sie unter seine Kehle, und machte ihn dadurch unverwundbar. * * *

Als der Knabe grösser geworden war, machte ihm seine Mutter Bogen und Pfeile, mit welchen er erst kleine Vögel erlegte.

(Version Lütke.—Seine Mutter erzog ihn mit Sorgfalt und lehrte ihn kleine Vögel zu schiessen. Zuerst tödtete er eine Menge Kolibris um seiner Mutter ein Kleid zu machen. Dann tödtete er einen grossen weissen Vogel, zog seine Haut an und in der Freude darüber Flügel zu haben, empfing er den brennenden Wunsch wie ein Vogel fliegen zu können.)²

Einst fragte jëlch da er herangewachsen war, seine Mutter wo ihre Freunde und Verwandten wären. Sie aber antwortete ihm dass sie alle gestorben wären. Eines Tages jedoch kamen zwei Sklaven des Oheims, welche von diesem ausgeschickt waren, die Gebeine seiner Schwester zu suchen, die er tot glaubte. Sie fanden aber ihre Hütte mit Vorräten angefüllt, während sonst überall Mangel herrschte.

Dies berichteten nach ihrer Rückkehr die Sklaven dem Oheim und erzählten ihm auch, dass die Schwester einen sehr schönen Sohn hätte. Der Oheim sandte seine Sklaven sogleich nochmals aus, damit sie diesen Sohn, seinen Neffen, einladen sollten, ihn zu besuchen.

Als aber die Sklaven diese Einladung überbrachten, warnte die Mutter ihren Sohn (Jëlch) davor, dieselbe anzunehmen, indem sie ihm erzählte, dass ihr Onkel bereits zehn seiner Brüder getötet hätte. Jëlch erklärte jedoch, er würde dennoch gehen, sie aber möchte unbesorgt sein. Darauf folgte er den Sklaven, indem er eine Fuchsdecke, eine Marderdecke und eine Renntierschürze mit sich nahm; seine Mutter aber ging ihm nach.

¹ Weniaminow sagt dass Kitbuginsi an den Strand ging, und dass ein Walfisch ihr den Rath gab.

² Einst erlegte er wie Weniamirow berichtet, einen grossen einer Elster gleichenden Vogel, Kuzgatuli d. h. Himmelsvogel. Diesem zog er den Balg ab, durch welchen er die Fähigkeit des Fliegens erlangte.

Als jëlch in die Hütte seines Oheims eintrat, sah er die Frau desselben, welche ihm sehr wohl gefiel. Der Oheim aber war so eifersüchtig auf seine Frau, dass er dieselbe, wenn er wegging, in einen Kasten einschloss, welchen er an einem Dachbalken aufhing, indem er den Knoten in einer besonderen Weise schürzte, so dass er immer erkennen konnte ob irgend jemand ihn aufgeknüpft hatte. * * * Der Oheim forderte nun seinen Neffen auf, sich neben ihm niederzulassen und liess dann von seinen Sklaven das Brett holen auf welchen er die anderen Brüder abgeschlachtet hatte und das sägeartige Messer, dessen Schneide aus Glas bestand, und bemühte sich den Hals desselben zu durchsägen. Aber alle Zähne der Säge brachen ab und der Jüngling blieb unverletzt. Darauf sagte der Häuptling (der Onkel), dass ihm kalt wäre, und er verlangte von seinem Neffen, dass er einen, hinter der Hütte befindlichen Baum fälle, und mit dem Holz desselben Feuer anmache. Die Mutter warnte ihn davor dies zu thun, da er unter dem Baume die Gebeine seiner Brüder finden würde. Doch jëlch ging hinaus und fing an, den Baum, neben dem die Gebeine seiner Brüder lagen, umzuhauen. Da fielen gläserne Splitter auf sein Haupt, denn der Baum bestand aus Glas; jëlch aber achtete ihrer nicht, und alle zerschellten auf seinem Kopfe, ohne ihn zu verletzen. Darauf sprach der Häuptling zu jëlch: "Komm mit mir, und hilf mir, mein Canoe auszuspreizen." Trotz der Warnung seiner Mutter folgte der Jüngling auch dieses mal dem Oheim, und auf das Geheiss desselben kroch er unter das Canoe, um es weiter auszudehnen. Da nahm der Häuptling schnell die Querhölzer weg, sodass die Seiten zusammen schlugen, und ging dann, in der Meinung, dass sein Neffe sich nicht wieder aus dem Canoe befreien werde, nach Hause. Jëlch aber zerbrach mit Leichtigkeit das Canoe, dann nahm er beide Hälften auf seine Schultern, trug sie zu seinem Oheim und warf sie ihm vor die Füsse.

Nun sagte der Häuptling, dass er gern einen Tintenfisch essen möchte. Jëlch machte sich nun heimlich ein kleines Canoe, das er unter seiner Decke verbarg. Dann fuhr er in einem Canoe mit dem Oheim auf den Fang des Tintenfisches aus. Als jëlch nun, der an der Spitze des Bootes stand, den Tintenfisch fangen wollte, brachte der Oheim das Canoe ins Schwanken, so dass der Jüngling in das Wasser stürzte; dann kehrte er, in dem Glauben, dass der Neffe ertrunken wäre, nach Hause zurück. Da es be-

reits dunkel geworden war, hatte er nämlich nicht sehen können, wie jëlch sein kleines Canoe hervornahm und dasselbe unter sich that. Jëlch fing noch erst den Tintenfisch und ruderte dann an den Strand. Darauf brachte er den Tintenfisch seinem Oheim und warf ihn ihm zu Füssen. Da schwoll der Tintenfisch auf und wurde grösser und grösser, bis dass er das ganze Haus erfüllte. Zugleich stieg das Wasser, die Flut drang herein und alle Menschen kamen um. Jëlch aber zog seinen Vogelbalg an und flog so hoch dass er mit seinem Schnabel an den Himmel stiess und zehn Tage lang an demselben hängen blieb. Als nach dieser Zeit das Wasser sich wieder verlief, liess er los um auf die Erde herabzukommen. Nach dem er auf ein Haufen Tang heruntergefallen war, ging er ans Land fand aber nirgends süsses Wasser, bis er an das Haus eines Mannes, mit Namen Kanuk, kam. Dieser hatte Wasser in einem kleinen Kasten, den er immer verschlossen hielt und auf dem er selbst zu sitzen pflegte. Kanuk gab zwar dem jëlch etwas zu trinken. Ein anders Mal aber stahl jëlch selbst Wasser aus dem kleinen Kasten, flog dann davon und setzte sich auf einen Harzbaum. Der erzürnte Kanuk aber sammelte alles Pechholz unter dem Baume und zündete ein grosses Feuer an. Von dem Rauch desselben wurde jëlch schwarz, während er bisher weiss gewesen war.

ERNISUITSOK OR THE BARREN WIFE,¹

A man had a wife who begat him no children. The husband, who was envious of all the people who had children, one day told her to make herself trim and nice and walk on to a certain spot where an old man, who had given up seal-hunting, had his fishing place. This old man, however, was a great magician. The next day when he sat fishing in his *Kayak*, a little way off the shore, she appeared on the beach, dressed in her best. But as the old man, afraid of her husband, would not approach her, she soon returned. The husband himself now went to the old man and promised him half of his catch if he could think of some means whereby to get children. When the wife appeared on the beach the next day the old man instantly made for the shore and went up to her. From this day forward the husband always put by half of his catch, *viz.*, the seals he caught, for the old man; and when he noticed that his wife was enciente he, in his gratitude, asked the

¹ The following story is the English translation of the Greenlandic Tradition in which I mean to recognize the above-told Indian tale.

old man to take up his abode in their house, that they might entirely provide for him, upon which the old man rejoined: "Thy wife will bear thee a son"—"so to-morrow when thou goest out kayaking thou must row to the birds-cliff and get hold of a bird,¹ which he shall use for an amulet."

On the following day when the husband had brought the bird the old man went on: "Farther thou must fetch a hollow stone of a black color on which the sun has never shone"! And, when he had also brought this, the old man said: "Finally thou must go to thy grandmother's grave and bring home her collar bone."

When all these things had been gathered the wife brought forth a son, who was named *Kūjavārssuk*² by the old man, and the stone was put close to his feet, but the bird was stuck up above the window.

The old man soon told the father to provide a *kayak* for the boy and have it ready, fitted up with utensils and all other requisites for the hunt. So the father made the kayak, and even before the skins with which it had been covered had time to dry it was put in the water and the boy being placed in it, they shoved it off the beach. The old man now told what would happen to him, saying: "The very first time he goes out one of the 'quiet sort' of seals will rise to the surface and he shall not return home until he has captured ten of them, and in future he will always get ten seals when he goes out kayaking." The old man and the father now followed him closely, but as soon as they left him at a little distance a seal popped its head above the water, and he paddled on and harpooned it, at which the bachelor-old-man was quite transported, and from this time the boy began to hunt regularly. (Ill. 197.) When he was grown up he took two wives, and he became of great use to his housefellows and neighbors. In times of need he was their only provider.

It one day happened that his wives had only put by a piece of the back of the seal, instead of the briskets, for his mother's brother, who was expected to come home later in the evening. He was offended at this want of attention on their part, and resolved to make (by help of sorcery) a "*tupilak*" for *Kūjavārssuk*.

¹ This bird is in the different versions called *Toogdlik sokaitsak*, both and especially so the first one (*Colýmins glacialis*) being the largest of divers in Greenland,

² Besides the name given to the hero of the present tale *viz.*, *Kujavārssuk* other versions of its name him *Saṅṅuak*—*Saṅṅiak* and *Nemṅaiṅak*.

To this end he gathered bones of all sorts of animals, out of which he fashioned it in such manner that it could take the shape of different animals, of birds as well as of seals; and having stirred them into life he let the thing loose and ordered it to persecute *Kūjavārssuk*. First it dived down into the sea and again appeared to him in the shape of a seal; but he was then already on his way home, and when it approached him he was in the very act of drawing his kayak on the shore. The same things happened on the second and the third day. The "tupilak" now determined to pursue him to his house, and then frighten him to death. It transformed itself into a loogdlik and commenced shrieking outside the house. *Kūjavārssuk* went out, but as he could not be brought to look at it the charm would not work. It then resolved to go underground and pop up into the room. However, it succeeded no better this time, but rose at the back of the house and just as it was about to climb up the roof it met his own amulet-bird which at once set about picking and scratching its face. It now, however, turned desperate and thought, "Why did this miserable fool of a man (the uncle of *Kūjavārssuk*) ever make me?" And in the height of his wrath it turned against its maker. Diving down into the water near his fishing place it emerged right beneath his kayak, and, fairly upsetting it, devoured him on the spot. It now fled far away from the habitations of man, out on the roaring ocean. *Kūjavārssuk* afterwards remained unmolested.

From abstracts or versions not to be quoted *in extenso* here, I shall only put down a few striking points not cited in the former, those which I consider to be perhaps the latest corruption of the tale, because, as to the form of construction, it is, at the same time, the most realistic and most coherent. (In order to make account for the second illustration of the woman's rendezvous with the fisherman-magician, I repeat the text to this scene from another version of the tale, otherwise less complete than the one already told.)

1. A man whose wife could beget no children was advised by an old wiseman to set off in his kayak and go out to the open sea, and when he heard a voice like that of a child crying he was to proceed in that direction, and would then find a worm which he was to take home and throw upon the body of his wife. She soon after gave birth to a son, who was called *Sanguak* or *Nerngojorak*.

2. Once upon a time the hero of these tales visited another place at a moment when the inhabitants were in train with pursuing whales. *Sanguak* or *Kūjavārssuk* felt a strong desire to go too, and getting hold of some children he manned a boat with them and left shore.

The other boats, meantime, had stood farther out to sea, and the people shouted to him, "If thou art on the look-out for the whale thou must come out to us,—he'll never rise where thou art now"! But *Sanguak* did not mind them and stayed where he was, his mother having said to him: "I conceived thee on the seashore, and for this reason thou shalt watch thy chance near it."

In a little while a whale appeared close by, and he at once pursued and harpooned it, and the beast could not even draw his bladder under water.¹ Again the people on the other boats cried "If thou wilt not loose it thou must pursue it more seawards"! But he only replied: "All the animals of the sea that I am going to pursue will seek towards the shore, close to my dwelling-place." Thus he was left alone to kill it all by himself.

3. Once *Sanguak* happened to be acquainted with another seal-hunter who could also take two seals at a time, but only by means of two harpoons which he threw, one with each hand, at once, whereas *Sanguak* himself, in throwing but once, got the whole shoal. One day when he went out with the double-armed sealer alone to sea he picked a quarrel with him, and killed him. He next told his father what had happened and that he would go and denounce himself and give the relatives of the double-armed notice of the murder. Those would fain have avenged it, and during his stay in their tent he found himself surrounded by lots of men—all knife in hand. Yet gleaming a chink between the tent-poles he had the chance to make a bound across their heads into the open air whereupon he ran down to the beach to his kayak, which his enemies had all spoiled by cutting holes in its bottom and filled it with stones. But *Sanguak* stopped the holes with the very stones and returned home safe and sound.

SCANNA GAN NUNCUS. LEGEND OF THE FIN-BACK WHALE CREST
OF THE HAIDAS, QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND, B. C.

It has long been related among the *Haidas* that at Quilcah,

¹ This is alluding to the supernatural strength of the hold or gripe in the line held by the man.

where the oil-works stand, about three miles west from the village of Skidegat's Town, lived, long ago, a boy who dwelt with his aged grandmother. He was the youngest of a family of eleven sons, both his parents being dead, and also his brothers, of whom I shall say more by and by. Excepting himself and the old woman, no other person lived in that place, all the other Indians in that quarter being on Mand Island. Our hero and his grandmother belonged to a different crest from the others. Close to the spot where they lived were three stone boats or canoes. What is meant by these I do not know, unless it be canoes made entirely by hot stones and stone hammers, as used to be the case in by-gone ages. This boy, it seems, was so weak and sickly that he could neither stand upright nor walk. The weakest part were from the knees down.

One day he said: "Granny, put me into one of these three canoes," and this she did. After sitting in the canoe for a considerable length of time he became quite strong, and was able to walk like any other person.

After becoming strong he used to swim about in the bay. One day, instead of a swim, he concluded to have a sail, and with this idea got his grandmother's aid to put one of them into the water. While this was being done two of them broke, but they were successful with the third. After this, instead of swimming, he used to sail about on the bay, gradually venturing farther and farther from the shore.

One day, making a further venture than usual, he sailed up the Hunnah river, a mountain stream emptying its water into Skidegat channel, four or five miles west of the place where he lived.

Tradition says that this river in olden times was three times larger than it now is. At present there is seldom water enough to float a canoe. It is also related that the waters of the sea came higher up on the land than is now the case. (Of the rise of the land evidence is everywhere to be found.)

After pulling up the river he became tired, so in order to rest he pulled ashore and lay down. In those days at the place where he went ashore, in the bed of the river, were a number of large boulders, while on both sides of the stream were many trees.

While resting by the river he heard a dreadful noise, up stream, coming toward him. Looking to see what it was he was surprised to behold all the stones in the river-bed coming down to-

ward him. The movement of these frightened him so much that he jumped to his feet and ran into the timber.

He found he had made a mistake, because all the trees were cracking and groaning, and all seemed to him to say: "Go back, go back at once to the river and run as fast as you can." This he lost no time in doing. When again at the river, led by his curiosity, he went to see what was pushing the stones and breaking the trees; on reaching them he found that a large body of ice was coming down, pushing everything before it. Seeing this he took his canoe and fled towards home.

Some time after this adventure with the ice, Scanna gan Nuncus took his trusty bow and quiver filled with arrows and went out in order to shoot a few birds.

Walking along the shore he saw at a distance what seemed to be a man, standing on the shore at the edge of the bushes, looking at him. Wondering who the stranger could be, he walked over toward him and hailed him. Receiving no answer, he went up to him and was surprised to find only a stump with a curving dome resembling a man's head. Turning to go away, a voice which seemed to come from the head said: "Don't go away; take me down, take me down." Hearing these words he took the stump in his arms, pulling him down at the same time. I say him because it was a man under enchantment. Taking him down broke the spell, and he instantly became himself again.

When thus restored, he told our hero that long ago he had been taking liberties with the *Cowgans*, who, as a punishment had cast upon him a spell, under the influence of which he was to remain as a stump until a young man, who lived with his grandmother, would come and set him free, and he, our hero, was the person predicted. The *Cowgans*, or wood-nymphs (literally wood-mice), were said to be a number of beautiful young women whose homes were in the woods and among the mountains. At the head of these was a queen who was remarkable for her beauty, and who lived in a magnificent palace in some unknown locality.

In order to discover the palace and to see the queen, a thing permitted to none except those who could show some act of kindness done, the young man used to go to the woods and mountains, from which quest many never returned, and of this number were the ten brothers of our hero. These nymphs, it also appears, used to seek the company of young men, and lead them

to take liberties with them, and when tired of their services would turn them into stumps.

The stump man asked our hero if he would like to see the queen and her palace, to which he answered yes.

"Well, then, go your way until you find a lame mouse trying to run on a big log, be kind to it, and it will show you what to do and where to go."

After leaving the stump man, our hero did not go far until he saw a poor lame mouse trying to run along a large log of wood; he watched it for a while, and saw that it would run a little way and then fall off. Seeing this, he went and picked it up, put it on the log and set it going again; this he did several times. At last it stopped trying and told our hero: "You are a good man and a kind one. Instead of killing me, every time I fell off the log you picked me up and put me on again. Many a one would have chased me and tried to kill me, but you did neither. I am not lame; I only feigned lameness in order to try you. You are Scanna gan Nuncus, and you would like to see the queen of the Cowgans. Your ten brothers also wished to see her. They could not because they were bad men; they ran after me and tried to kill me. No bad men can try to kill me and see the queen and live. That was why they all disappeared so mysteriously. By trying to put me out of the way they all met the same fate. Now, come, follow me, and I will show you the queen and her palace."

The mouse led and our hero followed, through long grass, bushes and timber, until they reached a beautiful country, where everything was fair and young. After traveling across this region for some time they came to the palace. Anything so beautiful Scanna gan Nuncus never saw, nor ever could picture in his imagination.

"Now," said the mouse, "let us go inside, and I will introduce you to the queen of the Cowgans." This it did, telling her that he was a good and kindly man who, unlike his brothers, did not run after it and kill it.

When they found the queen she was sitting spinning with a wheel. She was so pretty and fair to look on that our hero nearly forgot himself. The queen made him welcome, left her spinning, and came and sat beside him, telling him that as he was a good man he should be always welcome to her palace and whenever he decided to visit her he had only to come to the log, and he

would find her servant, the mouse, who would show him the way. How long he stayed with her I have as yet been unable to learn. This much I can say, that his grandmother asked him where he had lived so long. He replied that while absent he had been where few or none had ever been before; he had visited the queen of the Cowgans.

After closing this paper, I find it necessary, for the proper understanding of a few points mentioned therein, to say a few words drawn from my own observation and research, and from the report of Prof. G. M. Dawson, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who spent a part of the summer of 1878 among these islands. I wish particularly to call the attention of thinking men and women to our hero's encounter with the ice.

Who was the author of the story, or when it was adopted by the Scannas, I cannot say. Doubtless a tradition of ice coming down the valley of the Hunnah was current at the time when the Scannas chose that fish as their crest. This event happened very early in the settlement of these islands, for tradition says that at that time only one or two families lived on the southeast side of these islands, and that, excepting our hero and his grandmother who lived at Quilcah, all the others dwelt in a small village on Mand Island, a mile and a half away.

The Hunnah is a stream flowing eastward and southward until it falls into the channel from the axial range of mountains of these islands. Professor Dawson says that everywhere in the islands we find evidence of the descent of glacier ice from the axial range to the sea, and describes a number of valleys where action of ice on their hillsides is plainly shown. He also shows from the evidence given that the final retreat of these valley glaciers would seem to have been pretty rapid. A few years ago I took an Indian with me up the Hunnah valley, in order to see for myself the effects of glacial action. After observation I agree with Professor Dawson, as well as with the tradition, that the retreat of the glacier down this valley from the place of its birth at the headwaters of the Hunnah must have been pretty rapid. The great glacial period lingered longer in these islands, or else a smaller glaciation must have taken place. Whether this had anything to do with the legend, may be a matter of opinion.

Up to within a few years ago, it was customary when a bevy of girls were going to the woods or mountains, to say: *Cooso tu*

toggan Cowgans? "Where are you going, to Cowgans?" The mode of spinning among the Haidas was with a spindle and disk or wheel, like various tribes in other parts of America.

KAGSAGSUK.

There was once a poor orphan boy who lived among a lot of uncharitable men. His name was Kagsagsuk, and his foster-mother was a miserable old woman.

These poor people had a wretched little shed adjoining the house-passage, and they were not allowed to enter the main room. Kagsagsuk did not even venture to enter the shed, but lay in the passage, seeking to warm himself among the dogs. In the morning, when the men were rousing their sledge-dogs with their whips, they often hit the poor boy as well as the dogs. He then would cry out: "Na-ah! Na-ah!" mocking himself in imitating the dogs. When the men were feasting upon various frozen dishes, such as the hide of the walrus and frozen meat, the little Kagsagsuk used to peep over the threshold, and sometimes the men lifted him up above it, but only by putting their fingers into his nostrils; these accordingly enlarged, but otherwise he did not grow at all. They would give the poor wretch frozen meat, with out allowing him a knife to cut it with, saying his teeth might do instead; and sometimes they pulled out a couple of teeth, complaining of his eating too much.

His poor foster-mother procured him boots and a small bird-spear, in order to enable him to go outside the house and play with the other children, but they would turn him over and roll him in the snow, filling his clothes with it, and treating him most cruelly in other ways: the girls sometimes covered him all over with filth. Thus the little boy was always tormented and mocked, and did not grow except by the nostrils. At length he ventured out among the mountains by himself, choosing solitary places, and meditating how to get strength. His foster-mother had taught him how to manage this. Once, standing between two high mountains, he called out: "Lord of Strength come forth! Lord of Strength come to me!" A large animal now appeared in the shape of an *amarok* (now a fabulous animal, originally a wolf), and Kagsagsuk got very terrified, and was on the point of taking to his heels; but the beast soon overtook him, and, twisting his tail round his body, threw him down. Totally unable to rise, he

heard the while a rustling sound, and saw a number of seal bones, like small toys, falling from his own body. The amarok now said: "It is because of these bones that thy growth has been stopped." Again it wound its tail around the boy, and again they fell down, but the little bones were fewer this time, and when the beast threw him down the third time, the last bones fell off. The fourth time he did not quite fall, and the fifth he did not fall at all, but jumped along the ground. The amarok now said: "If it be thy wish to become strong and vigorous, thou may'st come every day to me."

On his way home, Kagsagsuk felt very much lighter, and could even run home, meanwhile kicking and striking the stones on his way. Approaching the house, the girls who nursed the babies met him and shouted: "Kagsagsuk is coming,—let us pelt him with mud;" and the boys beat him and tormented him as before; but he made no opposition, and following his old habits, he went to sleep among the dogs. Afterwards, he met the amarok every day, and always underwent the same process. The boy felt stronger every day, and on his way home he kicked the very rocks, and rolling himself on the ground, made the stones fly about him. At last the beast was not able to overthrow him, and then it spoke: "Now, that will do; human beings will not be able to conquer thee any more. Still thou hast better stick to thy old habits. When winter sets in, and the sea is frozen, then is the time to show thyself; three great bears will then appear, and they shall be killed by thy hand." That day Kagsagsuk ran all the way back, kicking the stones right and left, as was his wont. But at home he went on as usual, and the people tormented him more than ever. One day, in the autumn, the Kayakers returned home with a large piece of driftwood, which they only made fast to some large stones on the beach, finding it too heavy to be carried up to the house at once. At nightfall, Kagsagsuk said to his mother, "Let me have thy boots, mother, that I too may go down and have a look at the large piece of timber." When all had gone to rest, he slipped out of the house, and having reached the beach, and loosened the moorings, he flung the piece of timber on his shoulders and carried it up behind the house, where he buried it deep in the ground. In the morning, when the first of the men came out, he cried, "The driftwood is gone!" and when he was joined by the rest, and they saw the strings cut, they wondered

how it could possibly have drifted away, there being neither wind nor tide. But an old woman, who happened to go behind the house, cried, "Just look, here is the spar!" whereat they all rushed to the spot, making a fearful noise, shouting, "Who can have done this? There surely must be a man of extraordinary strength among us!" and the young men all gave themselves great airs, that each might be believed to be the great unknown strong man—the impostors!

In the beginning of the winter, the housemates of Kagsagsuk ill-treated him even worse than before; but he stuck to his old habits and did not let them suspect anything. At last the sea was quite frozen over, and seal-hunting out of the question. But when the days began to lengthen, the men one day came running in to report that three bears were seen climbing an iceberg. Nobody, however, ventured to go out and attack them. Now was Kagsagsuk's time to be up and doing. "Mother," he said, "let me have thy boots, that I too may go out and have a look at the bears!" She did not like it much, but, however, she threw her boots to him, saying, "Then fetch me a skin for my couch, and another for my coverlet in return." He took the boots, fastened his ragged clothes around him, and then was off for the bears. Those who were standing outside cried, "Well, if that is not Kagsagsuk! What can he be about? Kick him away!" and the girls went on, "Surely he must be out of his wits!" But Kagsagsuk came running right through the crowd, as if they had been a shoal of small fish; his heels seemed almost to be touching his neck, while the snow, foaming about, sparkled in rainbow colors. He ascended the iceberg by taking hold with his hands, and instantly the largest bear lifted his paw, but Kagsagsuk turned round to make himself *hard* (*vis*: invulnerable by charm), and seizing hold of the animal by the fore-paws, flung it against the iceberg, so that the haunches were severed from the body, and then threw it down on the ice to the bystanders, crying, "This was my first catch; now flense away and divide!" The others now thought, "The next bear will be sure to kill him." The former process, however, was repeated, and the beast thrown down on the ice; but the third bear he merely caught hold of by the fore-paws, and swinging it above his head, he hurled it at the bystanders, crying, "This fellow behaved shamefully towards me!" and then, smiling another, "That one treated me still worse!" until they all fled

before him, making for the house in great consternation. On entering it himself he went straight to his foster-mother with the two bear-skins, crying, "There is one for thy couch, and another for thy coverlet!" after which he ordered the flesh of the bears to be dressed and cooked. Kagsagsuk was now requested to enter the main room, in answer to which request he, as was his want, only peeped above the threshold, saying, "I really can't get across, unless some one will lift me up by the nostrils;" but nobody else venturing to do so now, his old foster-mother came and lifted him up as he desired. All the men had now become very civil to him. One would say, "Step forward," another, "Come and sit down, friend." "No, not there where the ledge has no cover," cried another; "hear is a nice seat for Kagsagsuk." But rejecting their offers, he sat down, as usual, on the *side-ledge*. Some of them went on: "We have got boots for Kagsagsuk;" and others, "There are breeches for him." After supper, one of the inmates of the house told a girl to go and fetch some water for "dear Kagsagsuk." When she had returned and he had taken a drink, he drew her tenderly towards him, praising her for being so smart for fetching water; but, all of a sudden, he squeezed her so hard that the blood rushed out of her mouth. But he only remarked, "Why, I think she is burst!" The parents, however, quite meekly rejoined, "Never mind, she was good for nothing but fetching water." Later on, when the boys came in, he called out to them, "What great seal-hunters ye will make!" at the same time seizing hold of them and crushing them to death; others he killed by tearing their limbs asunder. But the parents only said, "It does not signify—he was a good-for-nothing; he only played a little at shooting." Thus Kagsagsuk went on attacking and putting to death all the inmates of the house, never stopping until the whole of them had perished by his hand. Only the poor people who had been kind to him he spared and lived with them upon the provisions that had been set by as stores for the winter. Taking also the best of the kayaks left, he trained himself to the use of it, at first keeping close to the shore, but after some time he ventured farther out to sea, and soon went south and northwards in his kayak. In the pride of his heart he roamed all over the country to show off his strength; therefore, even nowadays he is known all along the coast, and on many places there are

marks of his great deeds still shown, and this is why the history of *Kagsagsuk* is supposed to be true.

COMMENTS TO THE INDIAN YELCH-LEGEND—THE GREENLANDIC ERNISUITSSOK OR THE BARREN WIFE.

From the total absence of the *Yelch-* or *Raven-*name in the Greenland-version of this tale, we may at once judge, that it has been forgotten by the natives of Greenland. Neither did I anywhere come across anything outside the legend that alluded to this name. It is, nevertheless, not impossible that such might still be found, for it is marvelous what mysteries are hidden behind the otherwise impenetrable veil of myths and folk-lore, which, when revealed, throw a light upon all that was formerly dark and dreary on account of its lifelessness, and render attractive and most interesting all that was otherwise commonplace and obscure. I was, however, fortunate enough to lift it a bit and perceived that if not the *Yelch-name*, the *raven-* or *Yelch-motive* in the legend of the Indian may have been introduced to Greenland, although unconsciously to the Greenlanders themselves—at least those of our day, and, in spite of its being kept totally apart from those abstracts of tales, which, I think, do otherwise so conspicuously represent the *Yelch*-legend.

We have, namely, the most indisputable proof of this in one of the favorite every-day phrases of the Greenlanders, *viz.*, “When the ravens turn white again” (I will do this or that, or this or that will probably occur). Now, this is a very Indian phrase, too. (See Krause: “Die Tlinkit Indianer”.) It is easy to account for the origin of the proverb. We know, from the very myth, that *Yelch* was from the beginning dressed in his *white* skin, but afterwards turned *black* in the chimney-smoke of a certain malicious *Kanuk*.

When and where the legend of *Yelch* commenced to be corrupted and drop its original title is difficult to decide at present, even more so, I think, than to guess where the Eskimo first obtained it. Yet, to bring the answer to more than a mere guess, we must, above all, have a number of East-Siberian and Kamtschadalian myths spread before us. In Kamtchatka, certainly, there are found unequivocal traces of a Raven-component. (See Steller). There is, however, little or nothing directly stated respecting it; but the remarkable feature about it seems to me to

be, that this title also attaches itself to the *Deity*, as does the Raven-notion with the *Tlinkit*-Indians. The fact is that the Kamschadalian God *Kutka's* wife—Steller calls her *Chachy*—is always mentioned as wearing a cloak of raven-skin, perhaps in the sense of a “transformation-rôle.” (Yet Steller, who represents everything in a rational way, says “cloak” or “cape”). Anyhow, we must still let the question remain an open one.

East-Kamtchatka, and the parts of *America* situated opposite to it, are some of the places where the ethnological veil unfortunately is the thickest;—unfortunately, I say, because just there, great and important events must have taken place. According to our present knowledge of facts I am most inclined to believe that both of the stories treated here have been appropriated by the Eskimo on the American coast between California or Vancouver-Island and the Aleutian Chain.

Contrary to the facts gleaned by the student, we see (both verbal information and illustrations make it distinct to us)—that the Greenlanders have no perception left that any of the tales here cited ever belonged to any other people than themselves.

That the hero of the Greenland versions appears under different names, is merely due to migration, and to the circumstance that different tribes have chosen their names from such stages in the tale that have appeared most attractive or wonderful to them. This case then has nothing to do with the Indian *Yelch's* appearing under different names, whether *Nekilstlas*, *Kaugh*, *Chaoch*, (the same) *ch, ch*, for they all meant “*Raven*” to the various tribes who worshiped that Deity, and it could not be changed to convey any other idea. The Greenlanders, on the contrary, had nothing to do with worshipping their hero, we know; they merely admired.

Of the Greenland names, “*Sanguak*” and “*Nerngajorak*” are respectively for North- and South-Greenland the denomination of the reptile taken from the bottom of the sea, and by the bachelor-sage thrown upon the woman on the beach, whereas the name *Kūjavārssuk* is derived from the word “*Kujak*” = loin, or more probably from a certain derivation of this word (see Greenl. Dictionary of Kleinschmidt); the affix “*arssuk*” that forms the end of the word always conveys the meaning of something peculiar, absurd, out of the rule, or ridiculous.

Here a few words relative to the title “*Ernisuitsok*” or “The

Barren Wife." The choice of this title in itself is nothing particularly curious, but it is quite a characteristic feature in the Greenlanders, that they have, in order to make the prophecy of the supernatural incident as profitable as possible, designedly adopted the title so as to make the story apply, not to a helpless, lone woman, like in the Indian tale, but to a married couple. Why so? Why characteristic? Because it strongly betrays a distinct feature of their own character, *viz.*, their desire to get progeny—male progeny, *i. e.*, their desire to get supporters for their old age. Now, they consider it useless for a single woman to have a supporter, but a "family"—a family father *must*. So they naturally made the half-forgotten Indian *Kitksuginsi* the "Barren Wife" of a married, but childless man who needed a supporter for his old age. I suppose, at least, that the title *Ernisuitsok* or "Barren Wife" to have originated thus.

It is clear, too, that the Greenlanders have forgotten the lofty mission of the *Yelch*-mother, *viz.*, to give birth to a god; neither do they consider their hero as anything more than an extraordinarily clever hunter, so astoundingly clever that he could take from two to ten seals in one cast of his spear, while they themselves were satisfied if they brought home one.

Now for a few distinct comparisons between the legends.

(*a-b*) In the Greenland "old man" we at once recognize the *Yelch*-myth's "Der alte mann," who gave *Kitksuginsi* the supernatural advice to swallow the "hot stone". That which must not be overlooked is that the old man in the Greenland edition is mentioned as a "great magician" because it immediately raises the incident of the childless husband's appeal to the old fisherman to the higher standard of the *Yelch*-myth, where the point to be put weight on refers to the seeking advice from some higher Power, that which proved to issue in an "Old Man"; and according to *Wemaminow* in the "*Whale*".

The Greenland illustrations corresponding to this scene all represent the woman neatly dressed, as corresponding with the following words of the text: "And the next day, when the old fisherman sat fishing off the shore, she appeared on the beach dressed in her best." This circumstance that she was ordered so to do contains a point of importance, and is of great interest to students of comparative study. It is also made a great deal of by our Greenland artists, which is the cause of my possessing in my collection

of pictures no less than four representations of this scene, each showing the separate conception of its painter.

The mystic importance attached to the question of her meeting "smart and trim," shows that the lover awaiting her is no ordinary man but some Demi-God, and I cannot doubt that the allusion refers to the "Whale," the very "Whale" of the original Indian myth—the adviser of *Kitksuginsi* (see Krause, p. 254) synonymous, I suppose, with "der Alte Mann" of other authors, for the Greenlanders, even of our own day, still stick to the habit of making obeisance to the whale in the form of dressing smartly before they set out in their boats in pursuit of it; and there is no doubt that there has been a time when the Eskimo, like the Tlinkit-Indian and the Kamschadale, considered the whale as something more than a food animal.¹ As for the *Tlinkit* they do not even eat its flesh—this of course, because with them, the whale is really a sacred animal, a Totem, whereas the Eskimos greatly relish both the blubber, hide, and flesh of it.

(c) "Thy wife shall bear thee a son, so when tomorrow thou goest kayaking, thou must row to the bird's cliff and get hold of a bird which he shall use for an amulet." Here we cannot of course omit recognizing the Large White Bird of the Indian myth that gave the little "Yelch" the power of flight. Now the Otúgdlik (Cormorant), which was the bird given the Greenland boy for his amulet and so mentioned in other versions than the one here chosen, is the largest of Greenlandic sea-birds and one with an unspotted white breast. If now we would ask *why* the Greenlanders did not rather choose the snowy owl or some other entirely white bird for the purpose, the answer might perhaps be, in the first place as already intimated, because the one chosen, the Cormorant, was the biggest of fowls, and secondly, because, perhaps, of some faint recollection that there was once upon a time a certain Large White Amulet-bird whose pointed bill had even enabled it firmly to grasp the sky and thus keep dry and safe all through the period of the Great Flood that submerged all other beings on earth. Now, the owl has but a short and curved bill whereas the one of the "túgdlik" is very long and sharply pointed.

(d) Here we get the "stone" that *Yelch's* mother got from the "Alte Mann" in the forest as genuine in representation as we can

¹ For the Kamschadalian Eskimo, see Steller, per the Kadjakian, Eskimo, see *Holmberg*.

wish for, only with the insignificant difference, that the Indian woman was ordered to put the "stone on the child's *throat*, while the Greenland "Old Man" the "bachelor" ordered it to be put under its *feet*. As every word here speaks for itself, showing the absolute resemblance between the tales of the two different nations in the point concerned, it needed, strictly speaking, no special pointing out, and I have paused at it only for the sake of a subordinate cause. It occurred to me whether the application of the "charmed stone" to the *throat* (in the Indian tale), and which was done, I suppose, to make the boy invulnerable, might perhaps refer to the cruel method of butchering of the Tlinkit-Indians, which method consists in placing a heavy beam across the victim's throat, it being weighted down by a throng of people for such length of time as they thought necessary for killing the victim—as do the Ainos to their sacred Bear. (See Bachelor and others.)

(e) Illustration 100.

(f) Look illustration 98. How evident! (comp. p. 5 from the German text) "Seine Mutter erzog ihn mit Sorgfalt und lerhte ihn kleine Vögel zu schiessen." If the Indian legend had been ever so beautifully illustrated, it would never have been able to produce a more complete illustration to this text than that of the Greenland artist. Moreover, the incident of the Wonder-child's careful training and early development to independence agrees clearly enough in all points of the texts of both people. *Yelch's* mother standing in the tent-door wearing white boots, and seeing the boy capturing birds among the great flock of birds, which probably even offer themselves voluntarily to him, render to the scene a certain solemnity. (White boots are still worn as holiday attire in Greenland.) The reason for her being in state-dress was of course the same as when she made herself trim prior to appearing before the old fisherman, or, the *Whale transformed, viz.*, out of reverence to a Supreme Being.

(g) Mark that the "offended" uncle of the Greenland tale is likewise the *Yelch*-uncle, a mother's brother. The plans of revenge of the Greenland uncle by making a so-called *Tupilak*,¹

¹ The Greenland *Tupilak* is a monster created by sorcery for the purpose of doing mischief to the enemy of its maker. Among the ingredients of the eventual monster, there must not want something or other belonging to the persecuted person, and especially desirable are those things that have been in direct contact with his body. As soon as the material form of the

calculated to do away with the hated nephew, by taking him un-awares, is, clearly enough, meant to represent the many different attempts of the Yelch-uncle to kill his sister's son, *viz.*, the one with "the shambles," "the glass tree," and so forth, all of which proved unsuccessful like the attempts of the *Tupilak*.

COMMENTS TO THE INDIAN TALE SCANNA GAN NUNČUS—THE
GREENLANDIC KĀGSAGŠŠUK.

It will prove self-evident from the story I am now going to treat that, here, as in the case of the first ones compared, the Greenlandic ones are the versions or copies of the Indian tales and not the reverse.

(a) Both children are orphans, neglected by their natural providers, and nursed by "old women", who are both versed in witchcraft, (*i. e.*, the wisdom of heathens). In *Scanna* this is expressly mentioned, while in *Kagsagsuk* it is merely indicated by the course of events. In the Greenland version there are several striking points introduced in order to glorify the feats and the person of the hero, or "Strong Man," this being the title usually given to the hero by the Greenlanders. That the development to "Strong Man" is more pronounced in the case of the Greenlandic *Kagsagsuk* than in that of the Indian *Scanna* may possibly depend upon a whim of an accidental relator, but equally likely from the interest attached to other characteristics relating to the fact mentioned above, those for all that referring to Indian customs, although not applied to the life of the Indian boy of the present tale. They evidently point to the system of the Totem of the Indians of the Pacific Coast, which we get confirmed by the fact that the "familiar spirit" or the supernatural power, sought for by *Kagsagsuk* is, even in the Greenland story, represented by the "Wolf" (the Amarok). As for *Scanna* he was of the whale tribe as we have seen. Another incident attached to the episode re-monster is made, it is animated in order to be rendered capable of accomplishing the desire of vengeance on his master. When, occasionally, it does not succeed in its attempt, it gets desperate and turns its wrath against its own master or maker. Every ethnologist will, no doubt, in this monster, and in the way it is created, easily recognize the similar apparition known in all parts of the world. In Baffinland, *Tupilak* is used for the restless spirit of the grave or man's soul on a certain stage of its wandering to the world of the dead in the regions of the Underworld.

tive to the Greenland boy is of the utmost interest, and must be mentioned at once although it does not strictly belong to the theme of the tale concerned. I never met with any description of the incident I am going to mention as relative to the West Coast- or Sea-Indians, but several often with the interior or more easterly tribes or races, such as the *Algonkins*, the *Mandans*, and others, and never in any other Greenland tale than that of *Kagsagsuk*. The remarkable feature itself refers to that scene where "small bones of seals" and other "toys", as the tale has it, drop off the body of the "poor boy" every time the beast throws him to the ground while unrolling its long tail after having swung and balanced him high in the air. Each time he was thrown to the ground, and the small bones or "toys" fell from his body, the boy felt easier and more perfect—so says the tale. Yet, what is the meaning? To what do these "playthings," the "toys," refer? Simply, I think, to nothing less than those *buffalo-heads* and *horns* ("bones") with which the *Mandan*-youth was burdened and weighed down during his painful swinging on the scaffold, and while dragged around the encircled stage until every bull's horn (bone), and other things attached to his body dropped off, making him easier, more comfortable, and nearer perfection. What puzzled me greatly in finding out the sense of this scene was particularly the common expression "toys" or "playthings". Yet I knew that there would, nevertheless, be some meaning at the bottom of it—there always is. In the Greenland tongue "little things" are called *pinguit*—the word undoubtedly used in the tradition. Now, on account of playthings of children generally consisting of small articles, they have been called the same, *viz.*, "pinguit", and this has produced the perplexing expression "toys", and the erroneous translation of it. However, I shall not omit mentioning "en passant" that small bones of birds and ribs of seals are pleasant toys for children. This made me once upon a time take the dropping off of the seal-bones from *Kagsagsuk's* body only figuratively, but this it was not. It is, indeed, nothing but the representation of facts recollected. In the Greenlander's description of the beast's tail swinging the boy high in the air, I perceive the *Mandan* boy swinging on the scaffold as we know him suspended with arms, shoulders, and legs flayed and scored. (See Collin's illustrations copied in Bahnsen's *Ethnography*.)

(b) The incident of *Kagsagsuk's* foster-mother lending him her boots, and getting him a little spear, corresponds with the service

Scanna's grandmother renders him by lifting him into the stone-canoe, and afterwards putting it to sea.

(c) That *Kagsagsuk* on his return home is able to kick about big stones and boulders better and better each time he had been practising with the *amarok* up in the mountains, distinctly corresponds with *Scanna's* practising in the bay or outlet, first in swimming and then in sailing the stone canoe.

(d) "Let me have thy boots, mother, that I too may go down and see the large piece of timber". This is a very remarkable passage: The piece of drift-wood on the shore which none of the strongest men and youths at the place are able to move from the spot, *Kagsagsuk* can lift in his arms and carry up to put it behind the house—what is this? This is, I suppose, *Scanna's* lifting the stump (the transformed man) off the sands of the Hunnah River-Beach. This again was an exceedingly puzzling incident until I got the end of the leading string in hand. This time my doubts would especially arise from the illustration corresponding with the said scene. On the other hand, the same became at last the means of perfecting my understanding; I shall explain how. The Greenlanders only know a thick trunk of a tree in the shape of the barked, yellowish-white logs of wood that drift to their shores from other lands—probably with the current of the great Asiatic Rivers. Why, then, did they represent the trunk, referred to in the tale, by a naturally colored log? This went far beyond my comprehension; but after becoming acquainted with the story of *Scanna gan Nuncus*, I understood the reason. The trunk in the tale of more tropical climes than Greenland, was recollected.

(e) The tale of the "Bears" is a mere Greenland-addition, and, as we know, has no place in the Indian tale, neither has the element of scorn and resentment of the Greenlandic hero, upon the former of his comrades in consequence of their ill-treatment of him, any place therein. This *crushing* the young maids to death needs no other explanation but the same, for they made one party with the male comrades of *Kagsagsuk* in teasing him.

(f) Nevertheless, I perceive, after having been acquainted with the Indian story, certain second-hand glimpses of the Cowgan- or wood-nymph motive. These glimpses reveal themselves through certain illustrations in my possession, the which I am not, however, able to publish.

